The Queen carowſes to thy fortune *Hamlet*.
Ham. Good Madam.
King. *Gertrard* doe not drinke.
Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poyſoned cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.
Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My Lord Ile hit him now.
King. I doe not think't.
Laer. And yet it is almoſt againſt my conſcience.
Ham. Come, for the third *Laertes*, you doe but dally,
I pray you paſſe with your beſt violence,
I am ſure you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you ſo? come on.
Oſtr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
King. Part them, they are incens't.
Ham. Nay come againe.
Oſtr. Looke to the Queen there ho.
Hora. They bleed on both ſides, how is't my Lord?
Oſtr. How is't *Laertes*?
Lae. Why as a woodcock to mine own ſpringe *Oſtricke*,
I am juſtly kill'd with mine owne treachery.
Ham. How does the Queene?
King. She ſwounes to ſee them bleed.
Que. No, no, the drink, the drink, O my deare *Hamlet*,
The drinke, the drinke, I am poyſoned.
Ham. O villaine! ho let the doore be lockt,
Treachery, ſeeke it out.
Laer. It is here *Hamlet*; thou art ſlaine,
No medicine in the world can doe thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous inſtrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd, the foule practice
Hath turn'd it ſelfe on me; lo here I lye
Never to riſe againe: thy mother's poyſon'd,
I am no more, the King, the King's to blame.
Ha. The point envenom'd too, then venom to thy work.